

# I HEAR AMERICA CALLING



WORDS By  
ISABEL S.  
FRIEDLIEB  
MUSIC By  
HARRY I.  
ROBINSON

DEDICATED TO THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS OF AMERICA

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Words by  
ISABEL FRIEDLIEB

Music by  
HARRY I. ROBINSON.

Marcia.

"Good - bye moth - er I am leav - ing" Said a lad of twenty - one, \_\_\_\_\_  
 "Good - bye son" the mother mur - murs As she turns to hide her tears. \_\_\_\_\_

Cheer up dear - I'll re - turn don't fear - And you'll be might - y proud of your son, \_\_\_\_\_  
 I shall yearn - For your safe re - turn To me the days will seem more like years, \_\_\_\_\_

My Grand - dad - dy was a sol - dier And a he - ro through and through; \_\_\_\_\_ If  
 Go my son may God pro - tect you All the time that you're a - way, \_\_\_\_\_ And

he were here to - day I know that he would say "Go" your Un - cle Sam needs you. \_\_\_\_\_  
 when this war is o'er I hope that nev - er more Will our boys have cause to say. \_\_\_\_\_

## Chorus.

4

I hear A - mer - i - ca call - ing So it's time to say Good -

bye Dry all those tears that are fall - ing For I hate to

see you cry; I know you'll miss me dear And I'll miss you But I must

fight for our Red, White and Blue. I hear A - mer - i - ca call -

ing Mother kiss me Good - bye. - bye.

